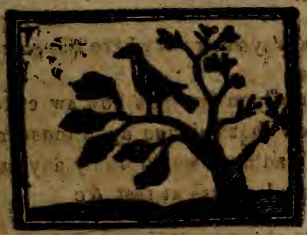
The Woodpecker;

To which is added,

Maggy Lauder,

And an

Advice to Lasses.



STIRLING:

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1825.

THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,
Around the green elm, that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
The heart that is humble might hope for it here,
Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound,
But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

By the side o' yon grove where the green willow dips
In the gush of yon fountain how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
That ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine,
Every leaf was at rest, &c

And here in this lone little cot, I exclaim'd,
With a maid that was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her and weep when I bless'd,
How blest could I live and how calm could I die.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

MAGGY LAUTHER.

Wha wau'dna be in love,
wi' bonny Maggy Lauther,
A piper met her gaun through Fife,
he spier'd what was't they ca'd her.
Light scornfully she answer'd him,
begone you hallan-staker
Jog on your gate you blather-skate,
My name is Maggy Lauther.

Maggy quo' he now by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee,
Sit down by me my bonny bird,
indeed I winna steer thee:
For I m a piper to my trade,
my name is Rob the Rantar,
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper quo' Meg hae ye your bags,
or is your drone in order,
Gif ye be Rob we've heard of you,
live ye upo' the border.

The kintry a' baith far and near,
has heard of Rab the Ranter,
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
gin ye will blaw your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
and round his drone he twisted,
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
for brawly could she frisk it.
Well done, quo' he, play up quo' she,
Well bob'd quo' Rab the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play, quo' he,
when I get sic a dancer.

Well hae ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,
your cheeks are like the crimson,
There's nane in Scotland plays like you,
Since we lost Habbie Simson:
I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter,
When ye come there to Anst'er fair,
spier ye for Maggy Lauther.

Then Rob he rous'd and took the road,
and round all Fife he ranted,
And play'd a spring thro' Siller-dykes,
as merry Meg he wanted:

And as he enter'd Amst'er town,
his drone it sounded louder,
His bags he biew till the chanter flew,
no pipes was ever prouder.

Then Meg came gigling to the door,
and saw her bairn's father,
O mind not ye, ye danc'd wi' me,
you bonny Maggy Lauther;
Which makes me rue that day sinsyne
that e'er I heard your chanter,
But now I hope you li marry me,
my bonny Rob the Ranter.

For when I danc'd, then you advanc'd,
and ye promis'd not to steer me,
Wae to the day I heard you play,
it makes the kintry jeer me.
But since that ye will comfort gi'e,
I'm glad ye've come to see me,
And from the scandal of the jigg,
in realty you will free me.

Fidlers' wives and gamesters' drink,
is free to all who chuse them,
But if you'll be a piper's wife,
I'll guard you in my bosom.

And while I live to blaw a blast,
you'se never be a wanter,
Since your're se free to marry me,
you're bonny Rob the Ranter

AN ADVICE TO LASSES.

AIR—*Logan Streams.*

Come all and listen, the news is sad,
for our young men are surely mad
There flesh is very nigh their bones—
they feed your lasses on tough scones.

Now since you have the tooth-ach ta'en,
and ye can hardly walk your lane:
The scones we would have rather boil'd,
than ha'en your teeth so sorely spoil'd.

Young lasses you have now ga'en mad:
to tell your teeth so soon turned bad;
You'll no get sale but in the dark—
for we'er afraid you have lost mark.

You must go now and burn your jaws,
then file your teeth like the auld saws;
For if that you cannot eat scones,
you'll no can gang through our Carse lonns.

O lasses you must now take care,
your head and teeth are spoil'd so sair;
Do not eat any thing that's tough,
since your young mouths' are turned so rough.

Your teeth are chatter'd now so sair,
you'll have to eat somethin, that's rare;
You must get meat that's saft an' fine—
on sowans and butter you must dine.

If we can neither call nor pay,
no longer in this place we'el stay;
To come to you we'er fairly set,
the change-house breeding for to get.

Since on our breeding you're so sair,
a lesson fit you must prepare;
To come for that to such a place,
is ga'en to diet for to seek grace.—

O we will keep our heads abean;
and will not wear a' your auld shoon;
For a' your din and a' your jaws:
keep your ain fish-guts to your ain sea mews.

O lasses now take our advice
for now's the time for to be wise;
If scones and ale you get by chance,
learn to think twice, or you speak twice.

Then ye may jaw as lang's you like,
  and sport a-while at boag or dyke;
Do not begin for to tell lies—
  mind a close mouth doth catch no flies.

Our song to end we do prepare,
  we don't pretend to have much lair;—
We dinna like to let you gang,
  wi' a that jaw ye have so lang.

FINIS.